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many studies which were painted immediately from nature with water colors by my father more than seventy years ago, and that they are now as fresh in color as if only done yesterday. I must also observe that the cartoons of Raphael have existed for a period exceeding three hundred years, although but little care, I believe, was taken at one time to preserve them; and these, as it is well known, are water color pictures. Ancient illuminated manuscripts also prove the durability of water colors when a sufficient body of color has been applied. I will conclude with stating, that there can be no doubt as to the stability of those colors which have stood the test of fire. Yellow Ochre, for example, when burnt, becomes what the colorman terms Light Red, and partaking then of the nature of a tile, is equally durable, and also the T. Sienna and others."

Arguments and proofs, such as these, are irrefutable, and must prove, beyond a doubt, the stability of water color; not that I would for one instant advance the claims of water as the superior of oil color, which must always be considered the most perfect and powerful vehicle of painting, but this I do hold, that there are times when the effects of nature can, to a certain degree, be produced by it with greater truth to nature than by its sister material, and this, I think, few will deny who have given either time or attention to the study of art.

The American Society of Painters in Water Colors have before them a hard work; they have prejudices to overcome, old togy ideas to uproot, but it is a good work, and let them persevere in it, feeling assured that, the goal once reached, they will have attained for themselves honor, reputation, and the respect of the community at large.

PALETTE.

VOICES—WHAT THEY INDICATE.—There are light, quick, surface voices that involuntarily seem to utter the slang, "I won't do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out, as if the man owed humanity a grudge and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponents may well tremble, and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone that is full of a covert sneer, or a secret "You-can't-dupe-me sir" intonation.

There is the whining, beseeching voice that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you; its words say, "I love you—I admire you; you are everything you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice that sometimes goes with sharp features (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling) and sometimes with blunt features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affectation and pretence, your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty and strength of purpose, your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold, and calm, and firm, and consistent, or fickle and foolish and deceptive, your voice will be equally truth-telling.

You cannot wear a mask without its being known that you are wearing one.

You cannot change your voice from a natural to an unnatural tone without its being known that you are doing so.

AN OLD STORY.

I.

Softly the sun's last rays are glinting
Over the hillside, over the sea,
Flushing the fleecy clouds and tinting
With gold and crimson the purple sea;
While hand in hand they wander together—
Youth of twenty and child of ten—
Across the sea-beach, over the heather,
By sloping hillock and shady glen;
A breeze is stirring each rippling curl
On the sunny head of the little girl,
And her eyes, from the shading hat's broad brim,
With innocent love look up to him.

II.

Ten long years—and the mellow gloaming
Casts its glamour o'er glen and lea,
And gilds the sands where a maid is roaming
With eyes that wander beyond the sea.
Ten long years—and that daily glory
Has dawned and darkened on wood and grove,
Lighting the page of lasting story—
The old, old story of maiden's love.
But duty severed those clasping hands—
As the pitiless ocean severs the lands—
And the heart grew sad and the eyes grew dim,
Wearily waiting and watching for him.

III.

Ten years more—while the restless billows
Fret and foam on the patient shore,
And the red beams slant through the drooping willows,
And write strange words on the greensward floor;
But far from ingle and glen and heather,
From the purple hills of their native land,
Wander those two, as of yore, together—
Heart answering heart, and clasping hand.
No more watching through heavy tears,
No more waiting through weary years,
But eyes that in radiant love-light swim,
And lifelong devotion, look up to him!

THE FAMOUS SAYINGS OF JEMSHED.—The first was: "God has no partner in his wisdom; doubt no, therefore, though thou understandest not." The second: "Greatness followeth no man, but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune." The third was written: "Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice." The fourth was: "Seek not so much to know thy enemies as friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintance." The fifth: "He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived; but he that saith that thou art always right, is surely a liar." The sixth: "Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not wisdom, be pitiful to merit his affection." The seventh: "Man is mixed of virtues of vices; love his virtues in others, but abhor his vices in thyself." The eighth: "Seek not for faults, but seek diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses are faded.

GENERAL GOSSIP.

The Paris papers work about on the same general principle as the Harpers with the illustrated articles in their magazine—one small grain of truth and any quantity of sensational writing up. The last thing they have gotten up is a story of a dansuese who being anxious to sparkle in an especial manner, had a crown made of the same small steel points we see here in jewelry, which at night and by distance look like diamonds. The lady, not content with her crown alone, attempted to add to its brilliancy by a small electric battery, concealed beneath the skirts and connected with the tiara by a wire. The effect was beautiful, but the aspiring artiste was carried from the stage before the conclusion of the piece, in convulsions, and there are little hopes of her recovery. The story is very French, and, without doubt, very true—because it was in the newspapers.

There is a story told of a certain musical director, conducting a troupe of artists through the West, which is rather funny, whether it is based on his joking propensities or his matter-of-fact-ism. The tale is this: On leaving a certain city, the gentleman paid up his advertising bills and went off with the blessings of editors. A few days after he received, by mail, a letter enclosing a V, which he had paid out a few days before, and the information that the bill was a counterfeit; also requesting that he would forward another for it. In a week the editor received the following epistle from the manager:

DEAR SIR:—I have endeavored to comply with your request, and have sent you another, as you ask. At the same time I can only say that the first one was much the better executed of the two, and I found it impossible to obtain a counterfeit V that was its equal. If on examination of the enclosed you prefer the first, remit again, postage paid, and I will exchange.

Yours,

The editor says he does prefer the first, but feels bashful about troubling the manager again.

There has been more excitement in Boston about the great organ. A new performer has been making a mark on that instrument, but not to its improvement. A fire broke out in the Music Hall on Friday, the 22d inst., and the engines commenced playing on that wonderful symbol of Yankee pride. We are not informed as to the airs, so many of them having been put on by its admirers.

The London *Herald* gives us the record of a new style of entertainment: "Lady Bailey had a large missionary party at her residence in Belgrave Square, on Monday evening last. Four hundred cards of invitation were issued, and three hundred and fifty-three attended of the nobility and gentry interested in so valuable a cause. The bishop of the Mauritius and several missionaries spoke of their respective stations in a most interesting manner, and the party separated at near twelve o'clock, highly gratified with their Christian and interesting entertainment. It is much to be wished that others who have houses, &c., for such assemblages, would follow her ladyship's example. The party partook of tea and coffee on entering, and a cold collation on going out."